DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE

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IS IT WORTH A CART?

Not very many years ago, a farmer of France, looking on a nest which a pair of small birds had built in the loose hay that lay in one of his carts, seriously revolved in his mind, —a sane mind too—the question, "Is it worth a cart?" and, what is more curious still—until the whole circumstances of the question are known—he deliberately settled that it was.

The question has a strange history, and the history has a wide lesson, for just before this time the people of the farmer's immediate locality, and of leagues around it, had tried a new experiment Let us see what the history and the lesson are.

The experiment they had tried was of a world without small birds Ignorant of what the small birds were doing, the crop-grower conceived a desire to be rid of them, for their Maker had fixed that part of the pay of their unknown work should be made in tithes of summer fruit The birds were His little Levites, serving in the great Nature-temple, and He could not forget their claims, they lived for the fruits, and He decreed them to live by the fruits buntings and finches, the farmer should pay blackbird and thrush, the gardener Wisdom and kindness filled the whole plan—a wisdom and kindness which, whilst it gave first place to the creature man, did not, could not, exclude the creature bird But farmers and gardeners were not yet aware how much these feathered servants befriended them. On the contrary, they were held to be pests—perhaps beautiful and charming, but certainly costly pests. Some might permit them to collect their fruit and corn dues, but not as a justice, only as a benevolence Others shot them down, there was no benevolence, said they in permitting waste of human food these were useless creatures.

In the interests of economy, they snared, trapped shot, poisoned So complete was the massacre that for miles the summer saw not the flutter of a wing, heard not a chirp Cold, calculating theorists had their way But hope had scarcely kindled before it began to fail What simple sentimentalists and short-sighted humanitarians had felt, what believers in the divinity of the scheme of nature had known, hard-headed utilitarians now began to fear to learn. The crop-growers' enemies—their service and their song—were indeed no more, but what those enemies would have eaten was by no means saved, for fruits and corn, nay even roots, were now exposed to new attacks—attacks more hideous and more costly than any from which they had suffered before. To their surprise they found that they had exchanged winged lords for grubs, a few songsters for hosts of caterpillars But of course clever man would soon remedy all this Expedients were invented and applied, but these were not so successful as the inventions and applications of the Creator, and soon it was found that they were far more costly to boot Men had altered their world, and made it a world more after their own theory, and it turned out to be a world of plague Cold-blooded utilitarianism had soon had enough of itself

In the national interest, a commission stepped in, examined the evidence, took up the cause of the birds, and affirmed that, until they were restored to their original place on the land, doing their free will again, nature could not yield her full supply of food

Birds were now welcome guests They were looked for, longed for, indeed, they were bought in other lands, imported, and tended with care. Let who would undervalue small birds, men who had seen summers without them could not. It was at this time when birds were being reintroduced, whilst the memory of famine-threatened summers was still fresh in the people's mind, that a pair of birds on a grub-stricken farm chanced to build their nest on a heap of hay which lay in a temporarily disused cart The nest was finished when the farmer's boy, who had been sent to prepare the cart for use, discovered it. Most farmers' boys (who had not passed through the experience of this boy would, it is to be feared, have made short work of a bird's nest in such a place Farmers' boys go to church and to school, but they don't seem to learn, whatever they may be taught, respect for the feelings of God's creatures but the boy had been to the school which is said to make fools wise—the school of experience—he had seen and felt, too, what it was to have summers without birds. So he left the little house undisturbed and fetched his master, and the master did not sneer at the lad's dilemma, he felt it himself To move the hay—that however carefully it was done, would ensure the birds' forsaking The only alternative was to destroy the nest, or to leave the birds in undisturbed possession of the cart until the eggs were hatched and the young birds flown, and, meanwhile, buy another. He must give up the nest or the cart, and he settled to give up the cart, for he said within himself,

"The nest was worth it.

Yes, it is true, once in the world's history it has been proved, by the lack of those small co-workers, human labor becomes less valuable, land is less productive, sunbeams being lost to maturity, food rises in price, commerce does not pay so well, taxes are a greater burden to bear, laborers have shortened hours and less wages, farmers look bankruptcy in the face, and the country has a glimpse of ruin. Those economical farmers at length got hold of this one clear bit of practical knowledge.—*Sunday Mercury*

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.—*Proverbs*, XVII., 17.

MAKE GIRLS SELF-SUPPORTING

A writer in *Harper's Bazar* says:

In all other relations of life outside of wifehood and motherhood women may be held to be more or less dependents upon those that are obliged to furnish them with what they require for comfort, clothes, food, shelter, and pleasure Many of these women, meantime, render services altogether worth what they have, but even under such circumstances it is galling to receive, for those women know that the person giving might not, perhaps, be able to afford the luxury of this service if not obliged to make the best of the facts of the case

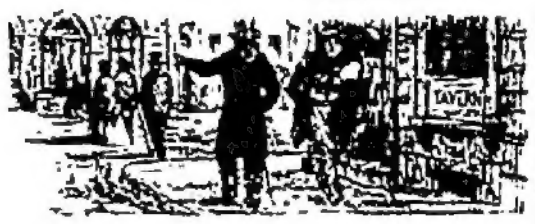
In some instances this dependency, in a house, for example, where the means are limited, is not altogether honorable to the dependent The daughter of a poor man, or of one with moderate income, has two hands and her health and a medium of intellect, and if she is not needed at home, is to blame if she do not find her way to become, if not wholly, yet partially independent and she can render great assistance by merely lifting a small portion of the weight the father has to carry If it is the more gratification of pride that hinders this, her position borders on the disgraceful, and no endeavor to "keep up appearances" can justify it; and if it is the gratification of indolence, there is no excuse for her at all. Something of the disgrace, too, in such case attaches to the parents of this daughter, not only that they have not inculcated principles that would make her scorn her indolence, but that they have not from the outset given the child to understand that she was to be self-supporting, and that there was honor in that path, and have not strained every nerve to afford her, moreover, the means, the education the special training of the special talent that, followed up, would make her an That is a course they will not pursue with their son; it is a most short-sighted and foolish tenderness or shirking of responsibility that allows them to pursue it with their daughter. They mean to leave her well to do in the world, perhaps, they mean to marry her well, or they are sure if she does not marry that she will have a home with her brother or with some sister who does marry But none of the sisters may marry; the brother's wife may not wish for her, and ear make that home a horror to her, and the well-to-do-portion may vanish into thin air, and under all these possibilities it is plain that a most positive duty is neglected by the parents.

It seems indeed, to be a very general opinion among mothers, and fathers too, that the boys must be helped, whenever it is in the least practicable, to make a way for themselves, but that the girls can slip along anywhere; that the boys must be planted and rooted and watered, but the girls may blow about like a leaf, and as the father has really the directing and governing power, even if he abdicates, men have only themselves to thank for the great number of female dependents. It is to this want of wisdom that so many wretched marriages are due, that so many daughters, cruelly assorted, are forced into a life-long unhappiness, because, according to the ideas of their training, they have nothing else to do but to marry—and then bring up their daughters the same way.

But when a woman has really struck out for herself, frequently to the consternation of her family, what a benefaction it is to her in mental and moral strength! How soon her family come to see the matter as she does, and how sweet she finds it to handle her own money! The sister who feels herself, so far as externals go, as well off as the sister who has married, infinitely better off than if she had married the person repugnant to her, feeling that some of the best blessings of life could have no blessing in them if owed to him, the daughter who can add her share to the comfort and beauty of home the mother who is able to contribute to the happiness of her children with her own hands—none who have not felt the sting of their dependence can tell the glory of their independence

TAKE COMFORT.—It is well enough to provide for a rainy day, but that man is very foolish who saves his umbrella for a future storm, while he is allowing himself to be drenched with rain We do not take pleasure and enjoy contentment as we should do. We live too much in the future, and too little in the present. We live poor that we may die rich. We get all ready to be happy, and when we are quite ready, infirmity or disease steps in and the chance to take comfort in this life is gone If we could only be content to seize upon the little pleasures that lie just outside, and then within our daily pathway, they would make a large sum total at the end of our lives Too many of us scorn pleasures that are cheap and near and within our grasp, and complain because we cannot have such as are costly and remote But if we would only magnify the little things that make life pleasant as we do those that make it unpleasant, the cup of our joys would continually overflow Be content to take life as it comes, and always make the best of the present and let future sorrows be future, and let them not intrude upon the present by unnecessary apprehensions and forebodings.—*Collegian*

WHERE DOES THE DAY BEGIN?—The day begins on an irregularly curved line drawn southwardly from Behring's Straits, through the Pacific Ocean. Islands which received their civilization from this continent are on the east of this line, those which received it from Asia are on the west of the line It starts from Behring's Straits at a point near the 180th meridian, and comes westwardly along the coast of Japan, passing between the Philippine Islands and Borneo, thence eastwardly to a point near the 180th meridian on the antarctic circle Practically the change of date in the log-book is made by navigators on passing the 180th meridian, unless they have touched, or are intending to touch, at the Philippine Islands, in that case the change is made between those islands and Borneo.—*Ed. Journal.*



Temperance Department.

HOW THEY REBUILT WEST WALTHAM CHANCEL.

A great groan from the rector.

"My dear, what is the matter?" exclaimed his wife, gazing up at him through the spectacles she had but lately adopted, in which consequently she looked extremely comical in the eyes of her rising family.

"Papa has stuck fast in the middle of his sermon because we've been making such a row," said Molly, the youngest girl of thirteen, who carefully copied her two elder brothers in their free-and-easy style of expression.

"Then I'll help you out of your difficulty, papa, if you will but put away your books and talk to us for half an hour. We'll finish it, pat it, when the magpies are gone to bed."

This is from Norah, a pretty young likeness of her mother, Mrs. Weston (without spectacles), and an evident pet of the head of the family.

The speaker left her low seat and her netting and went to enforce her suggestion by attempting to withdraw her father from his writing table, and once by his side, she boldly began clearing away the obnoxious litter of books and papers before her.

"What's this, though?" she ran on. "'Ecclesiastical Dilapidations,' 'Chancel Repairs,' 'Specifications of.' Why, papa, it's that dreadful chancel that's been worrying you all this time. We might have guessed that when you've been shut up all the afternoon with Mr. Nash."

"Gently, Norah," said Mr. Weston; "the chancel is anything but dreadful; a better specimen of the Perpendicular can't be found on this side of England; properly restored it would be a fine thing; but patched and muddled about as it has been for the last fifty years, it's a standing reproof to the men who've gone before me; and what's more to the point, it's a disgrace to me; and yet," sadly finished the rector, "for the life of me, I cannot see my way clear to putting it in order."

It was easy to see this subject was a sore one to the family. Mrs. Weston gave a weary sigh as soon as her husband began speaking; the boys made faces at each other over their Cæsars, suggestive of a horror of the chancel; and Molly almost began to cry over the sudden check to her flow of fun, and went over for comfort to the couch where lay the very eldest daughter, a gentle patient invalid.

Norah even sat down, helpless, and just a thought cross. Everyone knew the chancel was in a dreadful state, but what was the use of worrying about it? if its restoration were anything feasible, of course they would all try and help towards it, but there were the facts of the case. The restoration, so said the architect, could not be done under £300; the rectory was worth just £450 a year; there were five of them, besides papa and mamma, and a couple of servants to live off that, and just a little further income from private means—so how in the name of fortune could anything be saved, or scraped, or saved towards rebuilding? That thing was out of the question, so argued Norah, as she sat wistfully gazing at the pretty flower-beds outside the open window; and it passed through her mind that they certainly did all they could with their means, for she and her two brothers were the sole gardener as far as the flowers were concerned. Then Mrs. Weston put in her plaint, not that she was by any means a woman given to bemoaning her fate, but this chancel was a perpetual burden on her mind, knowing as she did the anxious thought it gave her husband.

"Well, after all, it will have to be what we have talked of so long, Murray; we must give up 'Jenny,' and if Norah helps me we can manage without sending Molly to school, or having a governess either; and with both these expenses put down we may be able to save something in two or three years." But she was hardly allowed to finish her sentence by the excited young folks. "Give up Jenny!"—the steadiest, best old brown mare that ever lived, who never ran away or shied, or played any pranks unworthy of the trust reposed in her, who saved them shillings untold by bringing parcels of unknown number and weight from the neighboring town, who turned out almost of her own accord to meet the boys on wet afternoons when they came home from school; give up Jenny, who was the very good, soft-mouthed friend and pet of every member of the family!" That was manifestly impossible, and an outcry was raised at the mention of such a thing; but Mrs. Weston resolved nevertheless to urge it upon her husband when they two should be alone.

There was a disadvantage attending the Westons' habit of talking over family affairs always in a "committee of the whole house"—there was often a great deal said and very little done—but on this occasion there was also an advantage. The question being a serious one, everyone really tried to find a way out of the trouble; even Molly did her best; this was it. With very open eyes, and in solemn tones she began, "Once I knew a girl"—and at her very grave face every one began to laugh, which was a good thing, and cheered her on—"a girl who wanted to buy a donkey, and what do you think she did?"

"Attention!" cried Frank, "the girl that bought a donkey is sure to put us in the right way to build a church; go on, Molly!"

"And so," said Molly, "she turned teetotaler!"

At which they all laughed more than ever, and then being in at any rate a rather happier mood for the time being, the rector bade them think no more of the matter, but come out for half-an-hour's walk with him before the young ones' bedtime. So the party of five sallied forth with smiling adieux to the house-mother, who stayed behind as usual to "clean up" after the young ones, and to the invalid, whose enjoyment of the fresh, open air depended so much upon the possession of Jenny aforenamed.

There was a wonderful quiet when the last sound of cheerful young voices died away—a delicious quiet, broken only by the sweet evening song of birds and the light rustle of leaves. After the cares of a long day, the silence of such half-hours is inexpressibly refreshing, and the sigh with which Mrs. Weston seated herself by her daughter's side had as much relief and contentment as weariness in it.

"Mother," said Mary, looking up with loving eyes, "please don't laugh at me and don't scold either, but don't you really think there may be something in what Molly said just now?"

"My dear child," answered Mrs. Weston, "there is something certainly, but very little to suit our case, we all know it would be far cheaper to live without eating and drinking if it were possible, but then it's not possible, so we must devise some other and more practical means of saving money. I am quite sure we are very moderate in all we take; not our worst enemies, if we have any enemies, can call us extravagant."

Mrs. Weston would have closed the question with this speech, but Mary used her invalid's privilege to pursue the subject.

"Mother dear, don't be cross, but you know I often lie and think of odd things when I can't read, and that chancel does so often trouble my mind. If I were clever I would compose music, or think of tales and get Norah to write them, so that I might somehow contrive to earn a little money and help papa to rebuild; but I'm not clever enough to earn money, so I have really determined to save!"

Mrs. Weston laughed, and kissed the anxious, flushed face. "And how are you going to set about it?"

"By doing as Molly says? I don't mean all in a day. Don't say anything till I've done, mother. I mean to give myself three months for the work, and by that time I will have no more to do with that port-wine that Mr. Morrison makes me take, nor that dreadful porter that gets into my head, and makes me so sleepy every afternoon. Now wait a minute, mamma—let me go on—you know exactly how much I used to take, and how much it all cost. Please do you give me just the money you save by not taking them, and I shall feel so happy at putting by my something to help dear old father, that I really believe abstinence will prove a better medicine than all the others you have tried for me."

The girl's eyes brightened and her lips quivered, and though, out of the fullness of her heart, her mother would fain have combated the idea that had taken possession of her, she foresaw that if a quiet night's rest were to be ensured, very little talking and no opposition must be indulged in, so she promised Mary's plan should have a trial, feeling, however, secretly convinced that Mr. Morrison would never allow it to be carried out.

Gaining, as she hoped, one point, Mary preferred another request.

"Please, mother, will you give me last year's bills to look at to-morrow? You mustn't mind my attacking the beer-cask so vigorously, the more I think of it, the more downright absurd it seems that we young ones should be drinking up all your comfort as we are doing. You know you and papa take less than any of us."

Which was a fact. The superstition—for thank God, it is being proved to be nothing but a superstition—that alcohol, in some shape or other, was a necessity to young growing boys and girls, was as deeply rooted in the Weston family as it is in ninety at least, out of every hundred middle-class households. "The boys were shooting up fast, and required good wholesome ale with two of their daily meals." "Molly was running up beyond her strength," and at the medical man's recommendation, was already sharing her elder sister's porter and port-wine; while Norah, the healthy, strong lassie of the trio of sisters, though she had no particular liking for ale or such things, just took them because, as she honestly said, "she didn't like water."

So Mary's investigation of the file of bills the next morning revealed startling facts, which had never been faced or realized till that time. She called Molly to her help, and between them they made out a most systematic account of the previous year's expenditure with wine and ale merchants. This account Mary promised to read to them in the evening, and, far more to please his daughter than from the hope that any really good result would follow from it, her father consented to make one of the listeners. The boys were rather huffy at this new whim of their sister's, but as no one of this family ever thought of opposing for long any of Mary's fancies, they fell in with her humor, and agreed to listen too.

"Nay, Frank, you must read it," said Mary, with a spark of mischief, "come here by me and begin, there's a good griffin," with a little caress, which the "good griffin" pretended to shake off in disgust, as he set about his uncongenial task.

"'To Mr. Patrick, for ale (twenty-six 18-gallon casks), £23 8s.' What beer's that, Mary?"

"Why, yours that you have at dinner and take to school for lunch."

"That's a shame to call it ours," broke in Tom, "there's Norah and Molly sometimes, and any stray men that come, besides the guv—father and mother! We don't drink half, I know."

"Don't interrupt, Tom. Go on, Frank, what next?"

"Something of yours, Miss Mary. How many bottles of 'invalids' stout' do you imagine, ladies and gentlemen, that pale young lady has consumed in a year? Do you give it up? Why, somewhere about three hundred! Close on a bottle a day! Oh, Mary, for shame! Six guineas' worth of that invigorating beverage you've made off with, and you don't look a bit fatter than you did before you began it!"

"That's just what I say, Frank," cried Mary, triumphantly. "I look no fatter and I feel no better, but go on, you are not half come to an end of my enormities."

"'To Mr. Wheeler for four dozen excellent port, £12 12s.;' that's yours too, Mary. 'Finest French cognac, £6 6s.; do., £7 10s.; you're not guilty of that I suppose, most of the second lot, I believe, was what our great uncle Geoffrey used to drink and abuse all the time when he favored us with his company for six weeks last Christmas. What comes next? 'sherry,' 'pale old brown ditto,' 'rum' (that was for the choirmen at their supper, and I know they all had too much), 'half a dozen Marsala,' that was when we were expecting the shooting party here to lunch and they didn't come, so we drank it up on birthdays instead. Well I never should have believed it, Wheeler's bill comes to £40 altogether," and Frank stared blankly at his father as he named what seemed to him such an immense sum.

"And then," put in Mary, "there's the beer for the servants besides all these accounts—in all, papa, you actually paid over £90 last year for such things as these, and I do not, indeed, believe they did us ninety farthings worth of good."

So Mary, feeling always sure of a hearing, made out a very strong case, and extracted a promise from her father that he would not urge her to take these expensive drinks against her inclination. More than that she was too wise to press for at the time, having much of the wisdom which more vigorous young people often lack. She was quite content to wait and let her quiet example work its way among the others. Not that she had long to wait, for Molly, the impulsive, was only too delighted to rush into a new habit, and took great credit to herself for having been the first to broach the idea among them. Norah scorned to indulge in luxuries which her delicate sister denied herself, so she soon joined the abstaining band, and what Mary called the "total abstinence box" soon grew heavy with their accumulated savings. One thing their father had stipulated—they were to make no talk or fuss about this change in their style of living. "Wait," he said, "till you see if you change your minds about it; don't let it be with you as it was with a clergyman I once knew, who went in fast and furious for the temperance cause, gave up wine for three weeks, preached a tremendous sermon against drinking, in which he announced that *he* had for ever done with 'the accursed thing,' and then a fortnight afterwards I found him taking to old port again, because his doctor told him he wanted 'stamina.' Try this new plan by all means if you will, and I'm not sure I shall not try it with you, but don't talk about it till you see how it answers."

The boys took the longest time to consider about the matter, but at last they grew tired of taking ale when no one else at the table did so. First Frank, then Tom joined the abstaining party, and the last glass of beer Tom ever indulged in, he put down with a very wry face, declaring it was horribly flat, and he should give it up for a week or two.

There was a row royal between Mary and her very good friend and doctor, Mr. Morrison, on the subject, he prognosticating weakness, loss of appetite, loss of nerve, and evils incalculable from her present course of proceeding. Happily he proved a false prophet, her [illegible] for her father was quite sufficient stimulant [illegible] spirit to keep her faithful to her new creed, and, in the course of months, the decided [illegible] movement in her health astonished even her incorrigible doctor, who, however, to this day stoutly maintains that giving up wine did nothing whatever to do with the change, and Mary is too happy and thankful not [illegible] owing strength to care to combat the point with him.

I should only weary my readers if I attempted to tell half the gossip and remarks, friendly or ill-natured, that the Westons excited in their own circle. They were "mean, rash, better than their neighbors, always trying some new plan, low church, ascetic, tainted with dissent," and a dozen other terrible things, some of which speeches hit them unpleasantly at first (especially the boys, who met with no lack of ridicule from their schoolfellows), but afterwards disturbed them not the least in the world, and it is an absolute fact that at the end of three years, during which time Mr. Nash, the builder, had contrived to "shore up" the chancel sufficiently to insure safety, a sum of money was resting in the bank at Waltham-by-the-Sea, to justify Mr. Weston in commencing his long-wished-for restoration. His parishioners, rich and poor, were alike astonished when he told them frankly how his saving had been effected, and many a one wished he could have recalled an offensive remark, lightly uttered about the rector's meanness, when it became clear what motive had incited the change. In the face of what so many considered a great personal sacrifice, few, indeed, declined to take their share in the work of rebuilding, and precisely four years from the summer evening when Molly made her astounding proposition about turning teetotallers, West Waltham Church was reopened fully and thoroughly restored, without a half penny of debt remaining on the work.

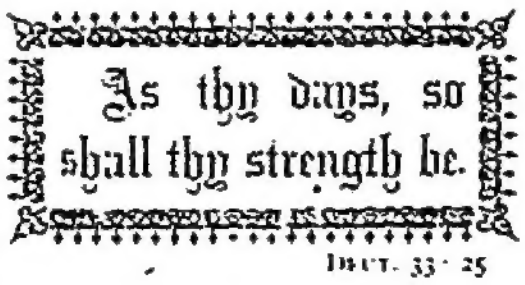
Let those laugh who will, at such means for such an end, but let all remember that habits of self-sacrifice, small though they may be at first, strengthen with years, and that a bridle put upon youthful inclinations may, in late life, serve to curb an appetite for evil, and to restrain footsteps from paths wherein it is not seemly to tread.

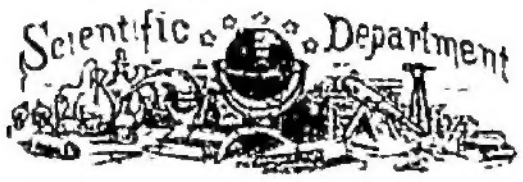
SELLING POISON.—The prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors is becoming more and more the sentiment of the people. We are glad to see that the public mind gradually opens to the truth that the unbridled indulgence in such drinks is the chief cause of our taxation for the support of criminals and paupers, and that the State has the right and is bound to prohibit a traffic that has such inevitable fruits. Of course prohibition is in one sense also a license law, inasmuch as the sale of alcoholic liquors is necessary for some uses, and for such uses provision must be made in every prohibitory law. But [illegible]ense system, as now administered, is a solemn mockery of law and justice and humanity. Of what possible benefit are the licensed rumholes on every block in many parts of our cities? They are established by law and they assist in making paupers and criminals, to be supported by taxes on the sober and industrious. Thus the State manufactures its poor and its felons and then supports them. It is therefore the duty of the State to hedge the sale of such an evil with just as many difficulties as possible, without doing violence to the liberty or other rights of any citizen. The sale of all poisons is rightfully regulated by law, except that the worst of all poisons is positively encouraged by many existing laws.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Two liquor-sellers in Portland, Me., one the leading and wealthiest in the city, have each been fined $100 and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for violating the new liquor law.

—In Sheffield and other English towns, "coffee-cart" companies are furnishing coffee to the thirsty multitudes for a half-penny a cup.

—The druggists in Augusta, Me., have agreed not to sell or give away any more liquor either for medicinal or other purposes.





THE ENGLISH PROBLEM

Dr Richardson says In the present day the grand problem before the nation is the reconstruction of the habitations of the people in cities, towns, and villages. There is at present a fair knowledge that construction as it progresses is imperfect, and that the results of new construction are, as a rule, bad. No man is quite satisfied with his domicile. This house is too dark that is sufficiently lighted in so far as windows go, but is badly arranged in regard to its windows, this is too close, that is too draughty, this is damp, that is dry but intensely cold, this has an abundant water supply but no bathroom, that has a bathroom but a deficient supply of water, this has good drainage but no effective traps, that has bad drainage, trap it as you will, this has no soft-water cistern, that has one, but the water in it soon decomposes, is always of greenish color and is really of little use, this has no hot-water supply, that has, but the supply is constantly out of order. These are the complaints which the physician daily hears of, and for which up to the present time he has been able, in the general confusion which prevails, to provide few remedies. It is as though all people were becoming alive to the necessities and the requirements of a healthy habitation, but that the knowledge was creeping in by instalments and at irregular intervals, so that no perfect system of a uniform kind can be obtained.

For my part I have never yet seen a single model private habitation, nor an approach to a series of such habitations. Real advancements lie entirely in the future. First we shall have model houses and a small model town, then, as the general intelligence advances, there will be radical imitative reforms, which will progress with unusual rapidity. With the full impulse that will come from a more perfect appreciation of sanitary requirements most of our English villages will have to be reconstructed altogether, pulled down, stick and stone, except the church and such antiquities as deserve to be specially retained, replanned into streets and gardens, redrained and rebuilt in accordance with a perfect system of construction By these means much ground, now useless, will be saved, much money foolishly expended in maintaining badly planned highways will be saved, many plans for giving happiness and recreation to the people will be secured, and health will be improved up to its natural standard These advantages will show such a singular economy resulting from the wholesale system of improvement, that the economical argument alone, on behalf of that system, will carry the day. Even that persistent village nuisance and source of fever, the farmyard, will undergo the necessary radical changes, to the pecuniary advantage of the farmer, as well as to the advantage of the health of his neighbors.

BRIGHT WALLS FOR DARK DAYS.

It is a kindly and beautiful thoughtfulness which has led a London physician (Dr. Lawrence Hamilton, of Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park,) to invite co-operation in the attempt to provide some bright and pleasant decoration for the walls of the hospitals of the metropolis. Dr Hamilton thinks, as we have often thought, that clean and wholesome-looking as the wards of all our hospitals are, the eyes of patients must often rest wearily upon the vast area of whitewashed wall by which their range of vision is generally limited Light, cleanliness, and fresh air are, no doubt, primary conditions of recovery from sickness, but every watcher by the bedside knows how much a thousand trifles may each contribute to this end. The sound of a gentle voice, the touch of a tender hand, the fragrance of a newly-gathered flower, and the sight of objects of interest and beauty—all have a helpful if not a directly healing influence So through each avenue of sense the ministry of mercy may come, and the languor of disease is often chased away. Dr. Hamilton wishes to ornament the bare walls of the hospital with such objects as are usually found in the homes of people of refinement and taste He wishes to introduce pictures, statues, drapery, *bric-a-brac*, china, old armor, antique furniture &c into the hospital ward, to gladden the patients who spend so many weary days and nights there Dr Hamilton has offered a hundred guineas towards the realization of his proposal, and he intends to fit up two rooms, one decorated, the other undecorated in some public building in London, so that the public may have an illustration of the nature and value of his scheme Perhaps the scheme goes rather too far, we are disposed to think it does Old armor certainly does not seem to us a very cheering object for contemplation, from a sick bed, of all places. The rude outline of the human form which armor presents might be very likely to affect unfavorably the sick man's wandering fancy. In the dim twilight, or when the faint lamplight struggled with the midnight darkness, what ghastly forms might startle the half-slumbering patient, or intrude upon the sufferer's dreams, if "old armor" were there to fling its shadow and to arrest the perplexed gaze? And a good deal of *bric-a-brac*, too, might be very much in the way, and would, moreover, look to the untrained eye like so much heterogeneous rubbish. But details might easily be corrected in the proposal to which we refer, and a good working committee, such as Dr. Hamilton asks for, would be likely very soon to hit upon right methods, and might thus carry out a very useful work.

Our hospital walls are not all absolutely bare, however Sometimes we have seen them hung with Scripture passages, hymns, and well executed prints, and again and again have patients spoken to us thankfully of the pleasure and consolation which some apposite verse of Scripture on the wall before them has afforded in hours of weakness and of pain. It is in this direction especially that we should like to know that Dr. Hamilton's scheme was developed. The incomparable language of the Bible has often a very special influence over the mind, imagination, and heart of the sick one. It is like a whispering voice of love and tenderness to the weak man, or woman, or little child, the exquisite tones of which are appreciated when, as in illness, the soul is for a little while shut up in silence and in loneliness, Illuminated texts may be made very pleasant to look upon, and, let it be noted, for sick-rooms they should always be very legible. Hymns, too, that have soul and music in them, when hung before the sufferer's bed, are like notes from the harps of God's angels. And pictures—a beautiful face or form, a glimpse of quiet landscape, a scene from the inexhaustible abundance of natural beauty, such as the true artist seeks and finds—these become to the sick like companions and friends. Art has its ministry of consolation,—it may be made a channel of direct instruction and an immediate instrument of blessing; therefore its help may well be sought for the comfort and elevation of the poor, both in their own homes and in the refuges provided by public charity for them when they are ill.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Slow Poisoning.—The *International Review* says A brochure from the pen of Dr. Paul Moreau, of Tours, has recently been published in Paris, upon the subject of the disorders consequent upon the slow intoxication caused by the inhalation of the oxide of carbon. An extract quoted in *Les Mondes* gives a brief summary of the facts observed by the author, shows very clearly that the common opinion as to the deleterious action of the gas, and the dangerous effects produced by it, are not exaggerated. The author asserts that the slow action of the gas upon the system produces a series of intellectual disorders which pursue a course peculiar to themselves and characteristic. These affections, manifested almost exclusively by females, are marked in the great majority of cases by entire absence of hereditary predisposition, and are characterized by vertigo, a sense of being dazed or dazzled (*ébloussement*), oppression, syncope, hallucinations of sight and hearing, delirious fancies, by indecision which overwhelms all thought like a wave, and by painful uncertainty or intellectual confusion, ending in delirium. If not too long standing, and the cause of them is removed or avoided, the dangerous symptoms yield to proper remedies, and health is restored. On the contrary, continuance in the unfavorable condition is followed by rapid and incurable dementia. Cooks are spoken of as especially exposed to these disorders, which is not to be wondered at, considering the frequent use of charcoal-furnaces unprovided with flues in French kitchens, and the neglect of ventilation. Though consequences so grave as those described are rarely to be observed in this country, there is no doubt that much evil results from the escape of the noxious gas from the hot-air furnaces employed for heating houses, either from want of proper care about preventing leakage, or from allowing the cast-iron body of the furnace to become red-hot, in which condition it permits the oxide of carbon to pass through it and thus to be mingled with the air supplied to the rooms

Sanitary Architecture.—Dr Richardson has come a little nearer to the level of ordinary life since he startled the world by his picture of a city of health. The kind of house which he recommended to the members of the London Institution the other night is not beyond the reach of any one who is about to build a dwelling for himself, and has strength of mind enough not to be turned from his purpose by the objections which builders are sure to raise in the first instance. Dr. Richardson mentions four essential points in which a house constructed on his plan would differ from ordinary houses In the first place, there would be no rooms underground The basement would be simply an arched subway with a free current of air passing through it, thus preventing any damp from ascending into the upper stories, and affording an opportunity of warming the air admitted into the house. Secondly, the kitchen, instead of being in the basement, would be at the top of the house, by which means all smell of cooking would be kept out of the living rooms, and the conveyance of hot water to the bedrooms would be made much easier Next, the staircase, instead of being in the centre of the house, would be in a distinct shaft at the back. There would be a door on each floor communicating with the staircase and lavatories, and similar apartments would be placed in the shaft so that they would be out of the house and yet accessible from each floor. Lastly the roof would be level, paved with asphalte, and covered with glass. In this way a garden would be obtained on the top of every house, sheltered from the weather and protected from frost by the warmth of the kitchen beneath. There is no doubt that Dr. Richardson's picture is an exceedingly attractive one, and there seems to be no reason, beyond the difficulty of getting new ideas accepted within any reasonable time, why it should not at once be subjected to the test of experiment.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

How to Act When a Dress is in Flames. —It may not be inappropriate to give a few hints as to the best method of extinguishing the flames, when a woman's or child's dress has unfortunately caught fire. If the sufferer has presence of mind enough to throw herself on the ground and roll over and over again until the by-standers can envelop her in some thick and non-inflammable covering, her chances of escape from serious injury will be much increased; but, unfortunately, the terror of the moment ordinarily overcomes every other feeling, and the sufferer rushes into the open air—the very worst thing she could do. The first thing for a by-stander to do is to provide himself with some non-inflammable article with which to envelop the patient, and a coat or cloak—or, better, a table cloth or drugget—will answer the purpose. Throwing this around the sufferer, he should, if possible, lay her on the ground and then rapidly cover over and beat out all the fire, keeping on the covering until every spark is extinguished. To attempt to extinguish fire by water is useless, unless the whole body of flame can be put out at one blow; and for one lightly-clad female to attempt to succor another when other persons are at hand is simply to imperil two lives instead of one. In the case of a house on fire, it is to be remembered that death is more frequently the result of suffocation from smoke than from contact with flame, and every effort should be made to reach the open air by crawling along the floor (where there is usually breathing space) so as to reach a window, or if necessary, by enveloping the head in a thick shawl to exclude the smoke while making a rush along a passage or down a staircase.—*From "Domestic Surgery", in "Cassell's Household Guide" for March*

Flying Machines.—Slowly investigators are developing facts as to the principles of flight. M. Tatin of Paris has so far succeeded in his silk-winged models as very nearly to approximate to the wing-motion of a pigeon. He uses compressed air as a motive power. It is decided that long narrow wings are best, and the latest model will lift a load equalling its own weight, M. Tatin believes that he will even reach a formula which will show definitely how many foot-pounds per second are necessary to fly a given weight.

—The latest, and perhaps the most curious invention ever heard of, is that of a talking machine. One was shown by the inventor at the Grand Hotel in Paris, a little while ago. The machine made a speech to his attentive and admiring audience, in these words—"I was born in America. I can speak all languages, and am very pleased to see you. I thank you for this visit." We hear that the invention has taken thirty years to produce, and is composed of a table with pedals, an organ bellows, and a key-board. The middle of the instrument represents the human lungs, larynx, glottis, and tongue. It is curious to imagine to what purpose such an apparatus could be put. Perhaps it will find its way into the streets of our great towns, acting as a vocal advertisement to the passers-by, or may be placed on the platforms of our important railway stations to call out the names of the places, for the benefit of those passengers who complain so bitterly of the unintelligible tones of the railway officials.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Sunshine is scarce in London, as every one knows who has had occasion to spend any time there. According to the report of the Astronomer-Royal, who has undertaken to register the hours of sunshine in comparison with the number of hours the sun was above the horizon during the week beginning Feb. 11th and ending the 17th, the sun was above the horizon 69.3 hours, but he only shone on London 2 3 hours, on four days not at all, on Sunday, 5 3 hours. Friday 31 hours, and Sunday half-an-hour

—The *Scientific American* says that "It may be possible for a man to be hungry and amiable at the same time, but it is not safe for any wife to presume upon so unlikely an occurrence habitually." Every wife should ponder this very true physiological statement Don't ask your husband perplexing questions or bother him with household complaints, or even your own personal troubles, just before breakfast or dinner. In general, it is of very little use Manage as well as you can, even though it chances that you are hungry as well as perplexed. After a comfortable meal things will look brighter all around

— Milk, dried in cakes thoroughly and then ground to a fine powder and mingled in suitable proportions with farinaceous substances such as oatmeal, is among the latest of European preparations for use on long voyages. The powdered milk is said to keep, if properly protected from moist air, almost indefinitely Various dishes in which it forms an ingredient are spoken of as very palatable

— Chloroform has been lately found to act with great rapidity in extinguishing the flame of the vapor of petroleum Combustible gases mixed with chloroform vapor are found to immediately lose their explosive properties, and even their combustibility

— Instruments made from obsidian, or volcanic glass, similar to those used by the ancient Mexicans, have been found in the Tokai-Hegyalja mountains in Hungary, Isle of Bodrog, Central Italy, and the Lipari Isles

DOMESTIC.

Cream Cakes.—One cupful of cream one cupful of sugar, one egg, one tea-spoonful of saleratus, one tea-spoonful of salt Stir in flour until the batter is as thick as in making pancakes.

Stewed Beef Cut from a cold roast of beef as much as will be sufficient for your family, in nice, moderately thick slices, fat and lean mixed together Slice into small bits a carrot, a whole cucumber pickle, and two or three Irish potatoes, with a tea-spoonful of all-spice powdered or whole. Add a large lump of butter—say, a table-spoonful a little water, and thicken, not too much, with a little brown flour, and stew until very tender. Send to table hot, and under cover

Baked Rice Boil a tea-cupful of rice, or half a pint, as directed above. Place it in the bottom of a baking dish, mixing with it a lump of butter the size of an egg, a tea-spoonful of salt, a well beaten egg, and a tea-cupful of milk, or enough to make the dish conveniently full Set the dish in the stove, and let it bake until nicely browned. Add a tea-spoonful of salt in boiling the rice. As a vegetable this forms sometimes an acceptable change from the ordinary way of preparing rice.

Red Beans Stewed Take a pint of red beans and two quarts of water. Soak them overnight. Next morning put them on in two quarts of fresh water as soon as your breakfast fire is made. When they are perfectly soft, break them a little, without throwing off the water in which they have been boiled. Add two table-spoonfuls of butter, season with pepper and salt, parsley, thyme, and a little onion. The onion must be washed clean, and wrung in a cloth. After the beans are seasoned and are soft and mashed, take the stew-pan off the fire, and set it in the corner to simmer until dinner-time.

Sunday Dinner Quickly Prepared "I've had it on my mind for several weeks to write you something about Sunday dinners You know when there is a family of five or six persons, more or less, and all want to go to the morning service, and stay to Sunday-school, their appetites are pretty well sharpened by the time they get home, especially if there is a ride of two or three miles I have experimented in various ways that we may have our dinner as soon as possible after getting home, or each one begins to help himself, which causes much confusion and spoils the meal. I find that by leaving the tea-kettle on the stove, and filled, with a little fire, the water is in a condition to boil quickly, and hash is soon prepared. In cold weather nothing is better than oyster soup, which requires but a few minutes cooking A good meal is quickly prepared by having a chicken made ready overnight by dressing and stuffing, and then it is ready to put into the oven when the family sit down to breakfast It requires little care, and is nicely browned by church-time, and keeps warm in the oven until wanted for dinner I find it a great help to have potatoes ready to warm over. Often meat is boiled or roasted on Saturday, which relishes well cold A rice pudding, made without eggs, and left in the oven, is nice with sugar and cream" It is easy by taking thought, especially a day or two before, to so provide that Sunday shall be not only to the family, but to the help a "day of rest"—*American Agriculturist*

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.

The great city of Constantinople is somewhat like a triangle in shape, its apex extending into the Bosphorus. This latter is a narrow strait which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora, a portion of which latter is represented in the further side of this picture.

The Bosphorus is seventeen miles long, and separates Europe from Asia. The scenery along the banks of the channel is extremely beautiful, with magnificent palaces, of which no fewer than ten are summer residences of the sultan and his family. Most of these are on the Asiatic side, but handsome houses and noble gardens abound near the strait on both sides.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE CITY.

The appearance of the city of Constantinople from without is attractive and imposing, with its mosques, cupolas, minarets and ancient cypress trees; but within the streets are narrow, dirty and ill-paved, and the greater part of the houses are small and formed of wood, or roughly-hewn stones.

The city contains three hundred and fifty mosques and thirty-six Christian churches. In the north-eastern part is the Seraglio, or Sultan's palace. With its gardens and groves, it includes an area three miles in circumference.

MILITARY DISPLAY WHEN THE SULTAN WORSHIPS.

Every Friday the Sultan leaves the palace to worship in a mosque which he has selected for the day. The streets he passes through are cleared and covered with fresh gravel. Each side is lined with troops. The Sultan is preceded by companies of cavalry, and the officers of state, and followed by the military. The bands play a national march, and salutes are fired on shore and from vessels in the harbor. Thus thousands of dollars are spent every time he worships in public, and this is a specimen of the extravagance which has ruined the country.

WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of football; but my father called me back again: "Stop, William," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day; I must now teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my play.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life.

In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may, perhaps, remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven; and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known.

Never, since then, have I heard the enquiry. "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not, my friends, what o'clock it is with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do anything in this world which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial-plate of a clock which it never would have possessed in my estimation if these words had not been spoken. Look about you, my friends, I earnestly entreat you, now and then ask yourself—what o'clock it is with you.

LITTLE NETTIE; OR SLOW BUT SURE.

"Really, mother, dear, I don't believe I shall ever learn to read nicely; I am so slow, and though I try hard at school, every one seems to get on better than I do. Mary Anne Wilson says I am the stupidest little girl she ever saw."

"And what did you answer when she said that?" asked Mrs. Brown, stroking her child's fair head lovingly.

"I said," replied Nettie, "that I knew I was stupid, but I couldn't help it; I did my best."

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "I know you do; but don't be discouraged. You may be slow, but when you have once learned a thing, you will remember it; and that's what some of the quickest children may not But bring me your book, Nettie, perhaps now and then when I've a minute or two to spare, I may help you a bit, while you're at home, then you'll get

on better at school." So Nettie brought her her reading book, and carefully spelt out a few sentences, with her mother's patient help.

The weeks and months passed, and the day of the school examination drew near. Poor Nettie's heart beat fast when she stood up to read. But, controlling her nervousness, she began, and went on slowly, but correctly, in a clear voice, and not miscalling a single word.

Mary Anne Wilson's turn came next; she commenced reading very fast indeed; but, alas! confident of her own powers, she rattled on without paying due attention; and after making a great many mistakes, she was told to sit down before she finished her little paragraph.

Now I wonder if any of my young friends are what Mary Anne Wilson would have called stupid? Somewhat slow, perhaps, in learning, like little Nettie Brown. If so, take my advice, and don't be disheartened. Do you remember the fable of the hare and the tortoise, and how perseverance and quiet, steady effort succeeded in the long run?

Ah! the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. God has need of every kind of character, and of various talents. Only use the material and improve the powers that He gives you, and you will be just what He wants for the work He may prepare for you.

The slowest can run God's errands; those whom the world calls dull and stupid may be quick and intelligent to do His holy will.

So take comfort, you who are working hard, perhaps, but do not seem to make much progress. You are doing your best,—a best of which your heavenly Master alone knows the value—and He accepts it and you, if you are His servants, for the sake of His dear Son.—*Child's Companion.*

GOD'S WORD HID IN THE HEART.

There was once a little boy who went to Sabbath-school regularly, and learned all his lessons well, so that he had a great many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance boy. This boy was on a steamboat making a journey. One day, as he sat alone on deck looking down into the water, two ungodly gentlemen agreed that one of them should go and try to persuade him to drink. So the wicked man drew near to the boy, and in a very pleasant voice and manner invited him to go and drink a glass of liquor with him.

"I thank you, sir," said he; "but I never drink liquor."

"Never mind, my lad, it will not hurt you; come and drink with me."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," was the boy's ready answer.

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm, and will make you feel pleasantly."

"At the *last* it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," said the boy. "I feel safer, and I think it wiser not to play with adders."

"My fine little fellow," said the crafty man, putting on his most flattering air, "I like you; you are no child; you are fit to be a companion of gentlemen. It will give me great pleasure if you will come and drink a glass of the best wine with me."

The lad looked him steadily in the eyes, and said, "My Bible says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'" That was a stunning blow to the tempter, and he gave up his wicked attempt and went back to his companion.

"How did you succeed?" said he.

"Oh, the fact is," he replied, "that little fellow is so full of the Bible you can't do anything with him."

And every boy's mind, and every girl's mind, should be *so full of the Bible*, that wicked tempters can not do anything with them.

Now there is one Bible verse which shows that this is just the right use to make of the Bible.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

Children, hide as much of God's precious word in your heart as ever you can.—*Children's Friend.*

THE BITTER DRINK.

"I never *can* take it, mother; I'm sure I can't," was Bessie's repeated cry.

"But you have not tried to take it, darling," answered Mrs. Haley.

"What is the use? I never can take it, mother, and I know it," was Bessie's very querulous reply.

Bessie was sick; a slight fever had made her somewhat fretful, and this being an uncommon thing with the usually amiable child, Mrs. Haley had called in the physician, who prescribed a draught that was not just as palatable as the child would have liked it to be, for it was bitter. To her repeated unwillingness to take the medicine, her mother had but one answer to make, "I want you to try to take it."

"What is the use of trying when I know I can't swallow it?"

"Because trying to do a thing often brings success. Who ever heard of any one meeting with success who did not seek for it, my daughter?"

"Is it good, mother?"

"No, it is not."

"Will you not say that it is—so that I can believe it?"

"Certainly not; I would not be so wicked as to tell my little girl a lie."

"Would that be a lie?" Bessie asked, in astonishment; for she had never thought of it in that light.

"Everything that is not strictly the truth is a lie; and a lie is an abomination in the sight of our Heavenly Father. The medicine is nauseous, but the physician thinks that it will do you good: so I want you to be a brave little woman, and swallow it at once. Here is the glass; when I say three, drink what is in it: now then—one—two—*three*." And before Mrs. Haley had fully spoken the last word the glass was empty, and Bessie was making a wry face; but, with considerable courage, she said, "It was not half so bad as I thought it would be, mother."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Haley said, smiling to think how like a woman in miniature the little girl was; "I'm not surprised to know it; for I thought it very likely that the bravery necessary to the taking of the draught would sweeten it a little. We are all too apt to forget, Bessie, that no duty can be so hard that the very trying to do it will not make it easier. You will find many a thing before you far more difficult to get over than this; but try always to be as brave as you can, and never give up while you can help it. I will read a story to you."

Joyfully Bessie accepted the invitation, and was soon snugly curled up in her favorite resting-place in her mother's lap, and long before the story came to an end she was fast asleep. So her mother laid her in her crib, that she might enjoy a good nap.

A few weeks passed by, and Bessie was as well as ever, and, like a child, had almost forgotten the above experience, when her favorite sister was removed from her side by death.

To her astonishment, her mother went about the house as quiet and as calm as ever, doing for all what they needed, and speaking as gently as if the home circle had not been broken.

"Why do you not cry, mother? Are you glad that Katie has gone away?" she asked.

"Oh, no—not glad, but willing. The cup of sorrow holds a *bitter drink* for me, Bessie; but what the will of God requires we must submit to. Our little one is with the Lord—free from all trouble, safe from all care; and we must praise Him for all the wonderful goodness that is being continually sent to us. God does not promise that we shall have only sunshine in the world; there are many clouds overshadowing us; but if our eyes are looking up, through the rifts in these clouds we can see the shining of that precious love that permits them to appear; and if we keep the eyes of faith clear and the heart steady by much prayer, we shall find a silver lining to every shadow—be it ever so dark. Then, whatever He who knows what we most need shall send, we shall find the dear Saviour's hand clasping our trembling fingers, and from our very hearts be able to say:

"'If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine.
Thy will be done.'"

—*Children's Friend.*

CURE FOR LAZINESS.

The Dutch, it is said, have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work, they put him into a deep cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast that by briskly plying a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.

We now and then hear of boys and girl who would probably be benefited by having to take a turn at this pump. If this should meet their notice, we hope they will take the hint.—*Band of Hope Review.*

The Family Circle.

GOD KNOWS

BY MARIANNA FARNINGHAM IN "SUNDAY CHRISTIAN WORLD"

The people looked from the windows, out at the awful sight
Of the rising and falling billows, while the strong gale raged that night,
And they prayed unto God, "Have mercy on all on the pitiless sea,
And give to the drowning strangers the power to rise to Thee."

In the air was a sound of mourning, when the late day lit the skies,
And compassionate wives of seamen, scarce dared to lift their eyes,
Lest afar they should look on faces solemnly white and dead,
Made cosy the little home-place and ready the empty bed

But of all in the out-bound vessel that was caught by the fearful gale,
No passenger, child, or seaman was rescued to tell the tale.
For lo! through the seething waters the ship and its hosts went down,
Only the God of Heaven watches when people drown!

Next day, when the fish-wives waited fighting the storm and roar,
The body of some one's darling was ruthlessly washed ashore,
And the pitiful sailors took her Said they, "She shall find a grave
Away in our little churchyard, out of reach of the cruel wave."

The coffin had been made ready, when a questioning word arose,
"What name shall we put upon it?" Said a pitying man, "God knows"
And the heart of the reverend asker echoed the word he said,
And that was the sole memorial they had for the early dead.

And that is the greatest comfort we have in this world of care,
Black are the skies above us, and the storm is in the air,
We are often hurt and worsted by the thickening shower of woes,
But we rest on the heart of the Father, and we calmly say, "God knows"

A STORY OF THE U. G. R. R.—AN UNUSED RAILROAD

Many years ago on the outskirts of one of our largest cities in Georgia, lived John Havens who owned a large plantation and nearly one hundred slaves He was a Northern man who had gone to the South in his younger days as a teacher, but who, having married an heiress, and coming into possession of this property, had gradually lost his Northern, anti slavery principles, and had won the reputation among the men of his county and state of being a good, staunch Southerner, whose conscience troubled him no longer on those matters which soon afterwards agitated the whole country and divided many families

Among his slaves were three men, more intelligent than the others, who by stealth had read many newspapers and who longed to get to the North, that free, blessed country which seemed to them like the promised land, or an earthly paradise. At midnight in their cabins, with closed shutters, and by the light of pine knots, they had been studying their geography and laying out a plan to go as quickly as possible to the Ohio, and thence by the Underground railroad to Canada.

They were not abused nor as severely treated as many slaves about them, but the thought that they were owned body and soul, that they must come and go at the bidding of their master, take whatever he chose to give them in return for their services, see their wives and children sold from them, had become so terrible to them, that they could endure it no longer, and so had determined to run away, themselves, and as soon as possible buy their wives and children They had talked in a general way about the matter to their wives, and one of them had said

"If you ever should wake up and find us gone, remember we shall soon have you with us again"

They dared not tell them that this dark night in the middle of April, 1850 was the one decided upon for their start If tears should be shed, or any commotion made, others would hear of it, and their plans would be foiled.

They and some others had behaved so well for six months that their master would occasionally give them an opportunity of going to the city on a Saturday to visit the churches and friends, returning early on Monday morning So, with sad yet hopeful hearts they started off on a dark Saturday night, for the city as their master supposed, but really for a long and perilous journey With anxious hearts they undertook it, not knowing what might befall them on the way, and dreading most of all the possibility of being overtaken and returned again to slavery.

Through many vicissitudes and hardships, fearing often that they heard the bay of the blood-hounds in the distance coming toward them and tracking them out, and at other times in great peril in the woods, or crossing broad streams, hiding in the daylight, and travelling in secluded ways during the nights, they at length one bright morning reached the banks of the Ohio, and, kneeling on the shore, thanked the Lord for their deliverance so far, and for the sight of that grand river and the land beyond

But they did not linger on the "delectable plains," but soon took passage on one of the many underground railroads for Buffalo They now began to be of good cheer, for they felt that all the lions in the way had been passed, not supposing for a moment that their greatest trial was to come. They reached Buffalo in safety, and were soon put on board the "Illinois," which plied between that city and Detroit, touching at Windsor, Canada

The captain of the boat was old Commodore Price, an ardent anti-slavery man, and an efficient officer on the "water connections" of the celebrated "line." He kindly received the three men, and not only to make them useful, but as well to allay the suspicion that would naturally be aroused by seeing three colored men travelling together, he had them brush up a little, and adorned with neat white aprons, set them to work as waiters at the table. The gong for dinner had been sounded, the waiters were standing behind the different chairs seating the passengers, when who should walk into the saloon but the owner of the poor slaves, who, accompanied by a detective had tracked them from the South. The fear that seized those three men can easily be imagined, but it was greatly allayed, when after consulting with Com. Price, he told them to go right ahead and he would "carry them through."

So, on they went, undisturbed until they neared Detroit. The boat steamed up the Detroit river, and when the owner saw her headed directly toward Windsor, he immediately prepared to hand-cuff the blacks. But the Commodore stepped forward and boldly interfered, while the owner and detective blustered, swore, and tried to intimidate him. He had often taken fugitives to Windsor, and when the people saw the steamer headed that way, the news spread and crowds began to gather on the wharf This was therefore no new business to the Commodore. He was cool and collected, and assured the Southerner in a quiet but authoritative manner that he had contracted to carry those three passengers to Canada, and he proposed to do so. Then pistols were drawn, but the Commodore rallied the crew, armed them, the steamer touched the dock, and amid the shouts of friends on board, and the cheers and greetings of sympathizers gathered to receive them, the three marched triumphantly on shore to freedom.—*Standard.*

MY DREAM

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning I seemed to be in a large church filled with attentive worshippers All around me were strangers, yet so pleasant were the countenances whose cheerful smiles seemed to say, "Make yourself quite at home, you are among friends," that the lonely feeling which often comes over one in a crowded church to not one of whose worshippers he is known, troubled me not at all While waiting for the pastor's entrance, I gazed around the building It was neat and tasteful, but plain in its construction. My attention was particularly attracted by the numerous mottoes on the walls, most of them inculcating the duty of doing good

Back of the pulpit was this inscription, "On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." In other places I read, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself" These, and other passages of similar import, occupied my attention, when the door of the ante-room, near the pulpit opened, and a noble-looking old man, with silvery locks and firm, erect step, entered He was one of those specimens of beautiful old age of which we occasionally see a type. As he gazed upon his people, the love in his heart seemed to shine through and illuminate his whole countenance. After the preliminary exercises, the pastor preached an excellent sermon on Faith and Works At its close, pointing to the inscription back of the pulpit, he said, "We will now prove our faith by our works, by taking our usual weekly contribution But first, brethren, suffer a word of counsel. Last Sabbath some of you, in your deep love for the cause, made larger contributions than your circumstances would warrant. Remember, Paul says, 'Lay by in store as the Lord has prospered you' I know it is so pleasant to give to the needy, that we are liable to mistakes in this direction"

I was thunderstruck "Where am I?" thought I,—"In a Christian church, and the pastor cautioning his people against too large contributions."

I remember reading of a similar occurrence in a heathen land, among the new converts to Christianity, but to be an eye witness of such a scene in a Christian congregation, it seems incredible

I watched the people closely as the boxes were passed, and became more and more amazed, for nearly every person, men, women, and children, contributed, and did it so cheerfully, even joyfully, that it was a pleasure to see them

"I must speak to that man, and learn the secret of his success with his people," thought I.

After the congregation had dispersed, many of them greeting me cordially as they passed out, I said to the pastor, as he took me warmly by the hand,

"You must have had an unusual collection to-day."

"No," he answered, "no larger than usual. You heard my caution to my people; they enjoy giving so much, that, every now and then, I find it necessary to hold them back, lest some of them do more than they are able." "Why sir," I exclaimed, "how have you educated them Most ministers are obliged to urge, coax, and sometimes almost drive their people to give."

"Educate them? With the Bible, to be sure. They are Christians, and even the poorer of them, want to show their love to their Master by obeying his commands."

"Christians! but you don't wish me to understand that all the Christians in your church contribute for benevolent objects? Why, sir, in the communion to which I belong, two-thirds of the churches do nothing for Foreign Missions and many of them nothing for Home Missions and other like operations"

The old man raised his hands in surprise and horror, and his voice was very sad as he answered.

"Surely, they can not be Christians. What book do they take as the foundation of their faith? Not the Bible! for almost every page of that volume is luminous with precepts of love and self-sacrifice. A Christian, and not love to bestow in charity! It can not be But may I ask," eyeing me curiously, "what is the name of your denomination?"

I have never been ashamed of my religious home, yet the blood rushed to my face as the question was put, and I hastened to reply.

"But, sir, my denomination is not alone in being derelict to duty in this matter. Almost every benevolent organization is crippled for the want of funds Many Christians feel that they have no obligations to discharge to others, at least pecuniarily"

"No obligations!" exclaimed the old man. "What is it to be a Christian? Is it not to be like Christ? Why, the very essence of Christianity is to deny self If there is one duty emphasized from Genesis to Revelation, it is the duty of giving. Don't you remember the many injunctions to God's ancient people on benevolence?"

"O, yes! but many now affirm those old Jewish laws were only for that people, and have long been obsolete."

"Obsolete, indeed!" repeated the pastor, as a curious smile played around his mouth "But what do these people do with all the injunctions of the New Testament on this same subject? Are they also obsolete? If so, we modern Christians are much to be pitied If, caring nothing for the interests of our neighbor, we are to look out only for ourselves, our minds and hearts will become so dwarfed that we shall be hardly worth the saving

"But thank God! his commands are yet binding upon us and it is not only a duty, but a most blessed privilege to sow bountifully and broadcast, of the rich gifts showered upon us.

"When my people are converted, they not only lay themselves, but their possessions, on God's altar, and thus each one of them becomes a centre of holy influence, a point from which radiate beams of mellow light."

The old man had waxed eloquent as he preached His eyes flashed, as his tall form seemed to tower far above me In his excitement his tones became deeper and more thrilling, but while I gazed spell-bound suddenly he vanished from my sight

Behold it was a dream *Morning Star*

THE CHILDREN OF THE STATE.

"HE SETTETH THE SOLITARY IN FAMILIES"

And of all solitary human creatures there are none perhaps whose solitude is more pitiful than that of the pauper orphan, none who appeal more strongly to the care and compassion of the thoughtful and kindly hearted in every class than has the child whose only parent is the State, whose only home is the workhouse school In England there are some 25,000 or so of these waifs and strays of humanity, orphans or deserted, penned up for the most part in workhouse or district schools, fed, clothed, taught, but famishing in heart and life for want of that which is the birthright of every child that comes into the world love, given and received

A child must have some love from without to nourish it, it must have some outlet for its own instinctive store of affection, or it will become stunted inwardly, and grow up, as the majority of these pauper orphans do, into a joyless and vacant manhood, or into a womanhood more stagnant and repellant still These workhouse orphans are deprived of all that goes to make a child's true life. They are brought up mechanically, like chickens hatched by steam little human fledglings, with no nest to hold them, no brooding bosom over them The sweet relationships of life are utterly unknown to them Even their names are hardly known to the workhouse nurses and officials. The little toddler who takes his first step alone is not "our Tommy" or "Billy," but as the woman in charge will tell you, "No. 17" Poor little No 17!

Let us give the State its due It has done its best for this helpless crew. According to its lights, that is to say. It has built, at an enormous expense to the ratepayers, district schools, into which pauper children have been draughted and massed together by hundreds, almost by thousands. It has provided them, at an annual expenditure of from £20 to £35 per child, with food, clothing, education, drill, incessant supervision, medical attendance, and with residences which, compared with the homes of other children in the lower ranks of life, may be justly called palatial Yet, somehow, councils, statesmen, committees, with all their pains, have failed in their attempts to turn out good machine-made members of society. These children, instead of becoming absorbed into the working mass of the population, are, on the contrary the hereditary paupers of the country, born with the pauper badge upon them, brought up in a pauper atmosphere, drifted off as they reach a self-supporting age into the world, only as a rule to return into the pauper ranks again, a permanent burden on the community

The fact is, young children—indeed, children of any age, girls especially—want "mothering," if not by their own mothers, then by some one else, who will give them individual care, and at least a modicum of affection, and no amount of statesmanship, and masculine management, and Parliamentary debates, and conferences of Boards of Guardians, will result in proper plans for bringing up children unless that prime want of their nature is taken into account. And to ensure this the womanly element ought to be present in every council and committee, national or local, where the training and management of children are discussed. Women are the natural guardians of infancy and childhood They know more about the wants and ways of children than the astutest politician can possibly do, and if the cumbrous and costly machinery which has been employed in this country to grind up juvenile pauperism into decent human "shoddy" has hitherto so largely failed in its object, it is because women have, until quite recently, had no share, direct or indirect, in the councils, and no hand in the work, for which by the very fact of their womanhood they are so peculiarly fitted.

"Women's Rights" have been a fruitful theme for both reproach and ridicule with a certain party in our Legislature, but their right to do their own proper part in the nation's work, their right to help those who cannot help themselves, will by degrees, as it is being now in regard to these pauper-orphans, be accorded to them The care of the children of the State is essentially a part of the national work of women, and where they have had it mainly in their own hands—as within the last few years has been the case in an increasing number of districts in England, and for a considerably longer period in Scotland and Ireland—the work has been well done; the children have been happier, healthier, and better cared for, they have lost, or are fast losing, the "pauper badge," and from listless and solitary units are being absorbed into the wholesome home-life of the working community. And all this, be it observed has been effected at a cost for each child of from half to two-thirds less than the ratepayers, under the old system of exclusively masculine management, were required to disburse!

In May 1870, a petition signed by more than 3,000 English ladies, was presented to Mr Goschen, then President of the Poor-law

Board, praying that legal provision might be made for permitting the boarding out of pauper children, under supervision, in respectable cottage homes, thus avoiding the evils attendant on their being massed together in pauper schools As a result of that petition, there are now in England and Wales about 2,700 orphans placed in such homes, and no one who is practically acquainted with the working of the boarding-out system can doubt its immense superiority, both in practical efficiency, and on the ground of expense, over the old cumbrous and unnatural plan. But, indeed, no stronger evidence need be adduced of the advantage of the natural over the artificial life, than that of the children themselves. A goodly thing it is to witness the dread with which any of these little ones who have been taken from the workhouse school to be "boarded-out," regard any attempt to remove them from their foster-home to the school again. The tears and cries and pitiful beseechings not to be taken away from the "mammy" and "daddy" who had been found for them show plainly enough what the instinct of the children is. Nor is the affection on the side of the little orphans alone. Numberless instances might be given in which a child has been "taken to" by the foster-parent or parents as warmly as if it were their own, held with a grip as close, and tended and cared for with as much anxiety and pride, And not only is this the case, but at the expiration of the boarding-out term the foster-children are not unfrequently retained as members of the family, and begin life with all the advantages of a home about them, and with the restraints and stimulus supplied by feeling that their welfare is an object of interest to others

Of course, the success of the boarding-out system depends mainly on the selection of suitable homes for the orphans among people of the working class, and also on the due supervision, by responsible persons, of the children, and of those to whom they are entrusted. This selection and supervision is peculiarly woman's work. In the districts where the system is in operation, it is undertaken chiefly by ladies resident in the neighborhood who undertake to visit regularly the cottage homes in which the children are placed, and to report to the Board of Guardians respecting them. also to see that they duly attend day and Sunday-schools, that they are decently fed, clothed, and lodged, and kindly treated.

There are in England and Wales 610 Poor-law unions, of which 157 have within the last few years adopted more or less the boarding-out system, 2,800 children, out of a total of about 25,000 pauper orphans, being at the present time thus boarded out. The plan has been carried on most extensively in and around Birmingham, mainly through the exertions of Miss Joanna Hill and other ladies. Eighty children under their care are placed out in selected homes in Birmingham, Malvern, Worcester, &c The total cost of each child is 4s. per week, or £10 8s per annum. Another very successful committee is at Clifton, and another is that of Charlton Union, Manchester The total expense, here is £10 for each child In the great Metropolitan District school of St. Pancras each child costs the ratepayers no less than £37 10s. per annum! In this immense institution opthalmic disease, owing to the agglomeration of masses of children drawn from the lowest classes of society (who, be it remembered, are usually also the most vicious and diseased), was present to such an extent that, according to a recent Government report, 80 per cent. of the children were afflicted with it, and numbers permanently blinded. In cottage homes, this, with other prevalent forms of disease, usually dies out under the influence of a freer, a more natural and wholesome life.—*Christian World.*

THE JUDGE AND THE FARMER

BY LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.

"Anecdotes," says John Brown in Spare Hours, "if true and alive, are always valuable." Here is one both "true and alive."

On a bright Sabbath morning, by the side of a country road, running along the Hudson, not many miles from New York, two men stood talking together. One was a judge of high social standing and legal distinction, the other was a stone-mason, and their conversation was about the building of a new wall near the place where they were standing, to consult about which the judge had sent for the mason on this Sabbath morning

Just coming into sight as he trudged along the road on his way to church was a plain Scotch farmer, well known as a God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping, honest, hard-working man, neither fearing nor asking favor of the great or rich, his chief ambition in life seemed to be to raise a large family of children in the fear of God and honorably in the sight of men, which his example was well fitted to do.

In the midst of an animated explanation of what he wanted in a new wall, the judge caught sight of the farmer Stopping suddenly, he said "There comes David S , it will never do to let him see us talking business on Sabbath morning, we will just step behind this bit of wall until he passes." And the judge and the mason crouched down behind the wall until the plodding footsteps of the farmer echoed faintly in the distance, and the good man passed from sight, all unconscious of the silent reproof his appearance had caused, while the judge, with feelings, one would think, belittling to his manliness, crept from his hiding place to continue his conscious and confessed desecration of the Lord's day.

The next morning the incident was related to the farmer by the mason, who was himself a Scotchman, though, unhappily not so conscientious as his friend. He told the story with some glee, adding:

"Wha wud a' thot, mann, that ye had sic a power in ye ee to mak the judge hide behint the wall for the fear o' ye?"

Is not this an illustration of the force and influence of a sincere Christian character, though devoid of the adornments, in the world's sight, of either position, wealth or learning. All these together could not resist the silent sermon of the good man's life, which brought home to the haughty judge the conviction of his sin.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE CLERICAL JESTER.

In a lecture on Preaching recently delivered before the Yale theological students, the Rev. Philip Brooks, of Boston, is reported to have said —

I think there is another creature who ought to share with the clerical cheat the abuse of the people. I mean the clerical jester. He appears in and out of the pulpit. He lays his hand upon all sacred things. He is full of Bible jests, and he talks about the Bible with jests that have come down from generation to generation. The principles which, if they mean anything, mean life and death to the soul, he turns into material for jest, and they fly back and forth as the chaff of the grain in the tempest There are passages of the Bible that are soiled forever by the touches of the hands of ministers who delight in the cheap jokes they have left behind them. It is a purely wanton fault. What is simply amusement anywhere else becomes crime here. You will not misunderstand me. I am sure the gravity of which I speak is not inconsistent with the keenest conception of the ludicrous side of things. Humor in its true conception of all parts of life is one of the most healthful impressions which the preacher can have. It has soothed the bitterness of controversy a thousand times. You cannot encourage and cultivate it too much. You cannot grow too familiar with the books of all ages which have the best humor in them. Read Swift, and Thackeray, and, above all, Shakespeare. They will help you to keep from extravagance without fleeing from clearness. Humor is something very different from frivolity. People sometimes argue whether it is right to make people laugh in church by something that you say from the pulpit, as if there were not smiles that sweep across a sermon, as the spring showers across the green fields, making it fruitful for everything in its time. The smile that is stirred by true humor and the smile that comes from the mere feeble effort are as different as the tears that come from the soul of grief and the tears that a child sheds when you whip him. I think that many of us feel a sort of dread when we see laymen growing familiar with the clergymen's society. That society is, on the whole, inspiring. Oh! keep the sacredness of your profession clear and bright in little things. Refrain from all jokes about congregations, parishes, sermons, texts, and mishaps of the pulpit; and the study of such jokes is always bad, always stupid. It takes the bloom off a young minister's life. This is the reason why so many persons shrink from knowing the preacher whom they listen to with attention. The quality that he must show is simply this which we may call gravity. It is a delicate power of discrimination, which attracts all it can help and repels all that it can harm and would be harmed by it. True gravity is like the handles of the gate of the ancient Labyrinth—so strong that a battery could not break them down, but so light that a child could make them swing and let him in.

TO PREACHERS.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks, in his Yale Lectures on preaching, says:—

I have but a few words to say about the spirit in which the minister enters upon his work. I will put them in the strongest imperatives I can find.

First. Rejoice to count yourself the servant of the people to whom you minister. Call yourself and really be their servant.

Second. Never allow yourself to feel equal to your work. If you find that spirit growing on you, be afraid. Try your hardest piece of work, and see how unequal you are to do it.

Third. Be profoundly sincere. Never dare to say in the pulpit or in private, under any ardent excitement, one word which at the moment when you say it you do not yourself absolutely *believe.* It will cut down the range of what you say, perhaps, but it will endow every word you utter with force

Last of all, be *vital.* Be alive, and not dead. Do everything you can to keep up your vitality. One of the most striking preachers of our time seems to have his power of preaching in his physique. It is almost like magnetism that passes between him and his people. Pray for and work for fulness of life, above everything—full of red blood in the body, full of truth in the mind, full of the Christian love for the Saviour in your heart. Then, however men set failure or success upon your ministry, you cannot fail. You must succeed

SEVENFOLD SCRIPTURE ALPHABET.

DELIVER.

1. Deliver me from all my transgressions. (Ps xxxix 8.)
2. Deliver me from the hand of mine enemies (Ps xxxi 15.)
3. Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God. (Ps xli. 14.)
4. Deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man. (Ps. xli 1.
5. Deliver me from evil work (2 Tim iv. 18.)
6. Deliver me from the oppression of man (Ps. cxix. 134.)
7. Deliver me from the body of this death. (Rom. vii. 24.)

Word and Work.

EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

— Boston is to have two vacation schools this summer—one for boys and one for girls.

— Amherst College expends over $1,300 per annum for prizes and scholarships.

— The various New England colleges have 120 Chinese students.

— It is proposed that to enter Harvard, candidates be required to answer test questions, and to read at sight from Homer, Virgil, Ovid, and similar writers, without reference to the actual work they may have done to fit themselves for admission.

— The Japanese Educational Commission after spending four years in examining the various systems of education in Europe and America, has selected the Boston system as the model which it will represent at home. It has made a collection of furniture, diplomas, maps, blanks, globes, text-books, books of reference, and everything used in the schools, from the lowest to the highest departments.

— The uncle of Mary Casey, a girl of 17, who was one of the victims of the unfortunate stampede in the Church of St. Francois Xavier, in New York, stated that his own little girl was present in the church and very near the point where the panic commenced. He ascribed her escape to the drill of the Normal School, to prevent panic in case of fire, which prevented her losing presence of mind and joining in the rush. There is a world of meaning in this statement, which we commend to the earnest consideration of our educators.—*N. Y. Independent.*

— The Bishop of Manchester, speaking a few days since at a meeting for promoting the education of girls and women, said unless our women maintained a high tone and bearing in society, and kept men down to their proper place, and themselves up to their proper place, society would get demoralized in a most insidious but certain way. Let women claim and preserve the rights which men ought to pay to them in the interests of society. He asserted that the tone of women in society had deteriorated in the last 25 years. Women did not exercise to-day the commanding influence in society, in its tone, in its conversation, in its amusements, which they ought to exercise. Women of to-day patronized by their presence amusements that their mothers and grandmothers would have closed their eyes against.

— The worst thing a parent can do to a boy is to pamper him. A boy can be fed to death and nursed to death. He can be killed by motherly kindness and fatherly guardianship. Boys are only young animals with minds, or with what will one day be minds. The most essential part of a boy is his stomach. The next important members of his organism are his legs. Good, strong, sturdy legs, and a stomach able to digest anything in the way of food, and any amount of it, make an equation for boyhood. Do not, then, keep your boy in the house, doting father, but give him a bat, a ball, a sled, a pair of skates, anything he needs for out-door amusement, and send him out-doors. Go with him yourself, if possible. Skate with him, race with him, be a boy with him now, that he may be a man with you by and by.—*Golden Rule.*

— The practice in many, if not most of our public schools in large cities, of assigning difficult studies to be learned out of school hours, and apart from the regular teacher, is, to say the least, highly questionable Aside from devolving the duty of the teacher upon the parents or families of the pupils, aside from the extreme probability that the "cramming" of some casual visitor or other inmate of the family, will be "parroted upon the teacher as the result of individual effort; the requisition of an additional hour, or two hours' isolated study, after six hours spent in the school-room,—study, too, perhaps involving some difficult and complicated problem, undertaken and prosecuted at a period when the entire mental and physical system requires relaxation and rest, is manifestly an inexcusable infringement of the laws of health, and wholly at variance with the dictates of an intelligent and enlightened system of education. *Working Teacher*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

XII

1 A man whose end exemplifies that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

2 A man who "prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord."

3. The town to which Elkanah belonged.

4 The country which bounded the dominions of Ahasuerus on the east.

5. The king of Elam who took Lot prisoner.

6. One of the prophets who incited the Jews to the building of the second temple.

7. The name which Joshua originally bore

The *initials* of the above names form the name of a city taken by the Israelites where only one family was spared, the *finals*, of a city built by Omri, which was also his burial-place

XIII.

1. A tree with which a famous temple was built.

2. A tree under which idols were buried.

3. A prophet whom a king of Judah slew with the sword.

4. A city in Egypt, prophesied against by three prophets.

5. A tree into which one climbed to see Christ.

6. The place where the spies obtained the bunch of grapes.

7. One called "the beloved physician"

8. One whose heart the Lord opened.

9. One from whom our Lord was a descendant.

10. One who caused her son to deceive.

The above *initials* form a name by which our Lord was called in the Old Testament

BETTER THAN MEDICINE.—There is a sort of practical every day knowledge in which our grandmothers were wise, which the present generation of mothers, with all their advance in the sciences, in the arts, and in matters of taste, are apt to neglect. The doctor, for example, is now a most costly member of every well-to-do family, called in for every ache or qualm. If he be of the advanced school and have faith in patience, nature, and "letting-alone," no harm is done, but many a practitioner feels that he must earn his money by a certain amount of drugs. The mother soon becomes familiar with his favorite remedy. If the children have eaten too much candy, and need a day's fasting, or a long walk in the open air, she fires pills of quinine, or pellets of arnica, belladonna, or arsenic, wildly down their throats, or plumps them into "sitzes" and "packs," or puts the poles of the galvanic battery to their trembling backs, heads, or throats. This modern Cornelia brings up her young Gracchi by the heroic treatment alone. She scouts simple, easy preventives and commonplace bits of knowledge. She goes to art classes, in order to fit her to criticise the human body: but she knows nothing of the anatomy of her baby's foot, and mangles and deforms it in heeled shoes. She knows precisely what chemical elements enter into every object in nature, and looks back with compassion on the generation who never heard of molecules. But she feeds her family on bread, pickles, confectionery and pastry, bought at the nearest shop, all more or less poisonous with copper, alum, and mineral dyes. Her old grandmother, a veritable ignoramus in her eyes, fed her children on home-made food, the fame of her pies and roasts went abroad through the country, and her boys' stout limbs and the rosy cheeks of her girls bore witness to their merits.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

STUDY THE WORD.—In putting on your armor, don't forget that the sword of the Spirit is the Word of God Not content with merely reading your Bible, study it. Instead of skimming over whole acres of truth, put your spade into the most practical passages and dig deep. Study the twenty-fifth Psalm, and the twelfth chapter of Romans, as well as the sublime eighth chapter. Study the whole epistle of James. It will teach you how a Christian ought to behave before the world. As you get on further you may strike your hoe and your mattock down into the rich ore-beds of the book of John. Saturate your heart with God's Word.—*Theo. L. Cuyler.*

"WHEN I AM WEAK THEN AM I STRONG"

When—weak in body, weak in mind.
And weak in spirit, Lord! I find
That this poor dying frame of mine
Has only power to waste and pine,
I find, full oft, dark thoughts oppress
My sinking nature's feebleness,
And my frail spirit, worn with care,
Too much disturbed for praise or prayer
Weak faith have I—weak hope to bring
Weak homage to th' Eternal King.
Faith dim'd by unbelieving tears,
And hope defiled by atheist fears.
Could I recall the buried past,
And all its richest offerings cast
Before Thee, Lord! what would'st Thou see
But sin in them, and guilt in me!

This wayward bosom's wandering love,
So seldom turn'd on things above,
So fond of earth and earthly toys,
Of withering flowers and fleeting joys
So selfish, and so sadly prone
To bow before some idol throne.
'Twere but a broken, piercing reed,
To lean on in mine hour of need
A backward glance—shame paints my cheek;
An inward—all is vile and weak,
But looking *upward* clear and long,
Light streams o er all—for *there* I'm strong
Strong in the strength of Him who died,
The Righteous, yet the crucified:—
Strong in the strength of Him who lives,
And grace to help in weakness gives

Whate'er my journey's gloom or length
Through this dark world, be this my strength
That while, my Father, Thou can'st see
Of worth or merit nought in me,
Thou see'st in Thy dear Son a store
Of worth and grace, and merit, more
Than all my need, and my poor prayer
Prevails an heaven—for He is there!
—*Dublin Irish*

THE CULTURE OF RESERVE.

The much-needed bit of a sermon on the prevalence of diminutives in the catalogues of female schools, recently published, has been the means of calling our attention to another and earlier protest against the same practice—from the pen of a woman, by the way—contained in Miss Brackett's excellent volume, "The Education of American Girls." Especially worth notice is this paragraph on the culture of reserve in girls.

"In the unrestrained and affectionate intercourse of the family, the girl has not felt the necessity of concealing in any degree her real self. She is under an observation that is intelligent and sympathetic, and she is sure of the kindest construction of all her actions. If she talks or laughs loudly, for instance, it is not supposed that this springs from a desire to attract attention, but from the natural, innocent overflowing of healthful spirits, and a forgetfulness of self. But her social education cannot be called finished till she has in some measure been taught to distrust others. She must learn that society is not one vast family, abounding in sympathy, and always ready to put the kindest construction on her words and actions. She must learn this sooner or later. Shall she learn it by mortifying experiences, by finding herself often in absurd and annoying positions, by having her confidence betrayed, and the out-spoken utterances resulting from her very purity of thought made the occasion of coarse remarks and suspicions; or shall she be guarded against all these by being taught that she must not give all the world credit for being as pure and innocent as she? We must so educate her that she will not lightly give her confidence, or show to uninterested persons too much of her real self. In other words, we must educate her into a reserve, into the gentle, unoffending dignity which holds all but the nearest and dearest at a little distance from herself. This is not touching deceit. It is only teaching what must be learned,—the means of 'possessing one's self in peace.' The majority of our girls who talk and laugh loudly on Broadway do not do this to attract attention. They do it simply because their education on this point is not yet completed. A slight indication of the same defect in education is the profusion of endearing pet names, which we find in the published catalogues of girl students. If the girls themselves do not realize the impropriety of thus publishing to a world of careless strangers the names which family affection has bestowed upon them, should not the teachers who compile the catalogues direct and overrule their uneducated taste? It is only necessary to imagine the catalogue of Harvard or Yale, printed in the same manner, to make manifest, even to the girls themselves, the want of proper dignity displayed. Men, in their intercourse with the world, learn sooner than women, by the rough teaching of experience, the necessity of finding in their inner selves from the outer world. But both boys and girls might be saved much time and pain, if parents and guardians recognized more clearly that this was a part of education."—*Scribner's Monthly*

> Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.
>
> 1 COR. 15: 58.

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(*From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W Rice & issued by American Sunday School Union*)

LESSON XX

MAY 20.

JONAH AT NINEVEH (About 825 780 B C)

READ Jonah iii 1 10 RECITE vs 7 10

DAILY READINGS—*M*—Jonah i *T*—Jonah ii *W*—Matt. xii 34 45 *Th*—Joel ii 19 28 *F*—Luke xviii 12 27 *Sa*—Jer xviii 1 12 *S*—Jonah iii 1-10

GOLDEN TEXT—The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas, and behold a greater than Jonas is here—Matt. xii 41

CENTRAL TRUTH—Repentance stays judgment.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Jonah prophesied probably some time during the reign of Jeroboam II., about 825 to 784 B.C. When God commanded him to go to Nineveh he attempted to flee to Tarshish, the vessel was overtaken by a storm, Jonah was thrown overboard, swallowed by a great fish (Jonah i 17); after three days thrown out on dry land. Then he was a second time ordered to Nineveh. He preached there; the Ninevites repented, and God stayed his judgments.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read the whole book of Jonah, find out all that you can about the great city of Nineveh.

NOTES.—*Jonah* (*dove*), son of Amittai, of Gath Hepher a town of Zebulun, later in Lower Galilee, which has been identified with *El Meshhad*, a little village two and a half miles north-east of Nazareth, where the traditional tomb of Jonah is still pointed out, probably born about 850 B C., prophesied during the reign of Jeroboam II (2 Kings xiv. 25), one of the oldest of the prophets, Christ asserts the truth of the story of Jonah, and shows its analogy with himself. Matt. xii 39 41; xvi. 4, Luke xi 29-32. *Nineveh*, first mentioned in Genesis x 11 founded by Nimrod, the capital of the Assyrian empire stood upon the banks of the river Tigris. Its walls, according to Diodorus, were 60 miles in circumference ("three days' journey"), 1,00 feet high, and so broad that four chariots could drive on them abreast. If there were 120,000 children, not knowing their right hand from their left, the population was probably 600,000. The site of Nineveh, long unknown, has been discovered, and many marvellous ruins found, extending over a space of 25 by 12 miles. The summers are very hot; the thermometer reaches 115° in the shade in that region. (Compare Jonah iv. 8.) *Sack-cloth*, a dark coarse cloth made of goats' hair (Isa. l. 3, Rev. vi 12); used by mourners and penitents, and sometimes worn next the skin.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) JONAH PREACHES. (II.) THE NINEVITES REPENT. (III.) GOD'S JUDGMENT STAYED.

I JONAH PREACHES. (1.) JONAH, see Notes. THE SECOND TIME, for the first time see Jonah i 1. (2.) PREACH, make proclamation. I BID THEE, am about to tell thee. (3.) WORD, command. NINEVEH, see Notes. EXCEEDING GREAT CITY, *Heb* "great unto God"—*i.e.* regarded of God as a great city. THREE DAYS' JOURNEY, it would take three days to walk around it. (4.) BEGAN AND HE CRIED, began to enter and preached as he went. A DAY'S JOURNEY, this might take him across the city, it being three day's journey about it.

1. QUESTIONS.—Relate the story of God's first command to Jonah and his attempted escape from obeying it. What does God say the second time? To what place was Jonah to go? Describe Nineveh. How large was it? When did Jonah begin his preaching? What did he proclaim? State how God had overthrown other cities. Gen. xix. 24, 25; compare Isa. i. 7.

II THE NINEVITES REPENT. (5.) BELIEVED GOD, according to the words of Jonah, PROCLAIMED A FAST, (compare 2 Chron. xx. 3, 13), there was entire abstinence from food until evening, SACKCLOTH, coarse garments, see Notes; compare Joel i 13, 14, FROM THE GREATEST . . TO THE LEAST OF, both old and young (*Keil*). (6.) HIS ROBE, a large upper garment decorated with great magnificence, coarse hair cloth took the place of his royal robes. SAT IN ASHES, in token of the deepest sorrow and humiliation. Compare Job ii. 8. (7.) HERD NOR FLOCK, oxen and sheep, FEED, be driven to pasture. (8.) BEAST BE COVERED, it was an Asiatic custom to put mourning on beasts as well as men; they would share in the woe if the city was destroyed, compare Joel i 14-20; Job xxxvii. 41. VIOLENCE, for which sin Nineveh was noted, see Nahum ii. 11, 12; iii. 19; Hosea x 13; x. 6; IN THEIR HANDS, used for grasping.

II. QUESTIONS.—State how the Ninevites showed their grief. v 5. The edict of the king. How did he change his clothing? Where sit? What proclamation make? How widely was the fast to be observed? the sackcloth put on? the cry made to God? How were they to show their repentance?

III GOD'S JUDGMENT STAYED. (9.) WHO CAN TELL, who knoweth, TURNED AWAY, glow of anger. (10.) REPENTED, changed his method of dealing with them when they repented, his threats are conditional as well as his promises.

III. QUESTIONS.—What hope had the Ninevites? How did God receive them? Show that there is always hope for those who will turn to God. Ez xxxiii 11; Joel ii. 13; Isa. lv. 7. What shall be the fate of those who do not repent? Luke xiii 5. To whom must we look for forgiveness? Eph. i 7.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That God is angry with sinful nations?
(2.) That God's wrath should be preached?
(3.) That repentance may stay God's judgment?

LESSON XXI

MAY 27.

THE DEATH OF ELISHA (About 839 B C.)

READ 2 Kings xiii 14 21 RECITE vs 14, 20, 21

DAILY READINGS—*M*—2 Kings ii. 4 15 *T*—1 Kings xx 13-30. *W*—Num xx 7-13. *Th*—Gen xlix 22 33. *F*—Acts xix 11-20 *Sa*—Mark vi 4 16 *S*—2 Kings xiii 14-21

GOLDEN TEXT—He being dead yet speaketh—Heb. xi 4

CENTRAL TRUTH—The righteous hold on their way

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The Syrians during the reign of Jehu (about 856 B C.) took from Israel most of the territory east of the Jordan; they retained it in great part during the reign of Jehoahaz, who had but fifty horsemen and ten chariots left to him. Jonah visited Elisha during his last sickness, and was promised victory over the Syrians. After Elisha's burial a dead man was raised to life by touching his bones.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Note how a feeble old man was strong in faith, while a vigorous young man was weak in faith.

NOTES.—*Jo'ash* or Je-ho'-ash (v 10), son of Jehoahaz and grandson of Jehu, reigned over Israel 16 years (840 825 B.C.); three times defeated the Syrians (v. 25); conquered Amaziah king of Judah and plundered Jerusalem (2 Kings xiv 8 14), not to be confounded with Joash king of Judah. *Bow and arrows*, used very early (Gen. xxi 20), arrows carried in a quiver (Gen xxvii. 3); sometimes poisoned (Job vi 4.) War was declared by the discharge of an arrow into the enemy's country. *Window*, simple apertures closed in with lattice work, which might be opened. Compare Acts xx. 9. *Aphek*, a place six miles east of the Sea of Galilee, where the Israelites had previously gained a great victory (1 Kings xx. 26-29); identified with the modern *Fik*, on the eastern high-road from Damascus to Jerusalem. *Moabites*, descendants of Lot (Gen xix 37) occupied the territory east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea to the south of Gilead, gained their living largely by plunder, and often invaded Israel. *See* alsoArr. The Jews buried their dead in caves or tombs cut in the side of a rock, the mouth being covered with a heavy stone. The bodies were not put in coffins, but simply wrapped in grave-clothes, hence the dead man might touch the bones of Elisha.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ELISHA'S LAST SICKNESS. (II.) HIS PROMISE TO JOASH. (III.) HIS BONES RAISE A DEAD MAN.

I ELISHA'S LAST SICKNESS. (14.) SICKNESS WHEREOF HE DIED, the sickness of which he was to die, WEPT OVER HIS FACE, bending over the sick man as he lay; CHARIOT OF ISRAEL, etc.—*i.e.*, the true defence of Israel, which had few horses, men and chariots at this time. v. 7 compare 2 Kings ii. 12.

I. QUESTIONS.—State what befell Elisha. Who visited him? How did the king show his grief? What did he say? Why should he call Elisha "father"? The meaning of his exclamation. Who had uttered a similar one? How many chariots and horsemen had Israel at this time? v. 7. What part of its territory had been conquered by the Syrians? 2 Kings x. 33.

II HIS PROMISE TO JOASH. (15.) TAKE BOW AND ARROWS, symbols of war, he was to fight for the promised victory. (16.) HAND UPON THE BOW, to string it. ELISHA PUT . . HANDS, etc., showing that the power came through the prophet from the Lord. (17.) WINDOW, see Notes, EASTWARD, toward the country beyond the Jordan which the Syrians had taken. (17.) ARROW OF THE LORD'S DELIVERANCE, the deliverance was to come from God; APHEK, see Notes. (18.) TAKE THE ARROWS, all that are left in the quiver; SMITE UPON THE GROUND, "shoot the arrows to the ground" (*Keil*); SMOTE, shot; STAYED, stopped shooting. (19.) WAS WROTH, at Joash's lack of zeal and faith; SMITING, for the fulfilment of this promise, see v. 25.

II. QUESTIONS.—What did Elisha bid Joash take? What do? Where did the prophet put his hands? What did he thus show? Describe an Oriental window. How was it opened; Why eastward in this case? What did the shooting signify? What was the king bidden to do with the rest of the arrows? How many times did he shoot? What spirit did this show in the king? How did it affect Elisha? What ought the king to have done? How many times should he smite the Syrians? Show the fulfilment of this prophecy. v. 25.

III HIS BONES RAISE A DEAD MAN. (20.) ELISHA DIED, probably at the age of between eighty and ninety years; THEY BURIED HIM, Josephus says with a magnificent funeral, Jerome says near Samaria. MOABITES see Notes; COMING IN OF THE YEAR, in the spring, when the Jewish year commenced; at that time the crops were ripe. (21.) SPIED A BAND, of Arab plunder-

ers; THEY CAST THE MAN, using him in haste for fear of being captured, SEPULCHRE, see Notes, THEY HOWEVER etc—*i.e.*, as soon as he came and touched.

III. QUESTIONS.—At about what age did Elisha die? How and where is he said to have been buried? Describe the Jewish sepulchre and mode of burial. Who invaded the land? At what season? Why then? How was a funeral interrupted? Where did they put the body? Why in haste? Describe what followed. Give Ezekiel's illustration of dry bones quickened by the Spirit. See Ezekiel xxxvii. 1 14.

How does this lesson teach us—

(1.) That though good men die God's work will go on?
(2.) That unbelief limits God's grace? Compare Mark vi. 5.
(3.) That a godly man's power continues after his death? see Golden Text.

GOOD MEN DIE

THEIR WORK LIVES.

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